

A Looking-Glass for Drunkards: Or

The Good-Fellows Folly.

Moderately Reproving all such as practise the Beastly Sin of Inordinate and Excessive Tippling: With an Admonition for the future to forbear the same.

To the Tune of, *Fy, Dutchmen, fie!*



Drunkards how dare ye boast of your hard drinking?
think you there is neither heaven nor hell;
While ye do headlong pass, to the pit sinking;
you take no care, but think all things is well.
Oh fie! forbear, 'tis a sin that will cry;
And pierce the clouds and the heavens so high:

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

Late in the Tavern where I had occasion,
to drink my part of a pint with a friend,
Being overcome by his subtle persuasion,
I staid the longer some business to end,
I saw a drunken crew in the room by,
Swearing and tearing and rending the Sky;

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

Some were carousing whilst others were singing
others like cotts lay dead drunk on the floor,
Some at their fellows Glasses were singing,
another vomiting behind the door:
Such a confusion I ne're did espy,
Men in their shape but like beasts they did lye:

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

Drauer says one bring us Bottles in plenty,
let us not want, whatsoever we choose;
I'll make them every one drunk were they twenty
or else I'll never drink back any more:
Fill more Tobacco another did cry,
Time is but short, then our work let us ply:

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Folers strike up again, why are you drabst?
are you already drunk, you sons for whores?
Why do you sing so as if you were Howlers?
play or I'll kick you all out of the doors:
With such bawdy language they still did reply,
Sirrah fill Liquor for I am a dry

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

When with Canary their heads were enflamed,
then down they tumble o'er Chairs & o'er Stools,
Yet never felt how their bodies were maimed,
they were so sottishly drunk and such fools,
Then up and at it we here must not lye,
Fill us more liquor again they do cry:

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

Then by and by they begin for to quarrel,
as it is usual amongst such a rout;
Having drunk more then enough by a Barrel,
Flaggons and Pots they must now fly about:
Reeling and staggering thus they would cry:
Zounds if thou kills me thou surely shalt dy.

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

Run call a Constable Boy quoth the Master,
to take an order with this same mad crew;
I will take care they shall be lock't up faster,
in a strong Prison since it is their due:
Where they like Rats till the morning must lye,
Every one flouting as they do pass by.

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

O what a shame it is, men of good breeding
should be besotted and so led away:
Whilst your concerns and estates lies a bleeding
you ne're consider but thus go astray:
Besides offending the Lord that's on high,
You take a course to be poor ere you dye.

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

What will you do when your pockets are drained,
and all your coyn is consumed in drink;
How shall your family thus be maintained?
Who shall provide for you then do you think?
Leave off in time, and such tippling desie;
And God will bless you the better say I:

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

I onely speak to all those that abuse it,
'tis not to all that my lines I direct;
Men may be merry, and yet may not use it,
for to be drunk, or occasions neglect:
But there's so many from thence will not ly,
That unto such I am forced to cry,

Fy, Drunkards, fie!

Now to conclude, I should be highly pleased,
if in this Glass their own forms they would view
Before that folly too much hath them seized,
and at the last they are forced to rue.
Consider rightly, and cast it not by,
And then her eafter I need not to cry,

Fy, Drunkards, fie!